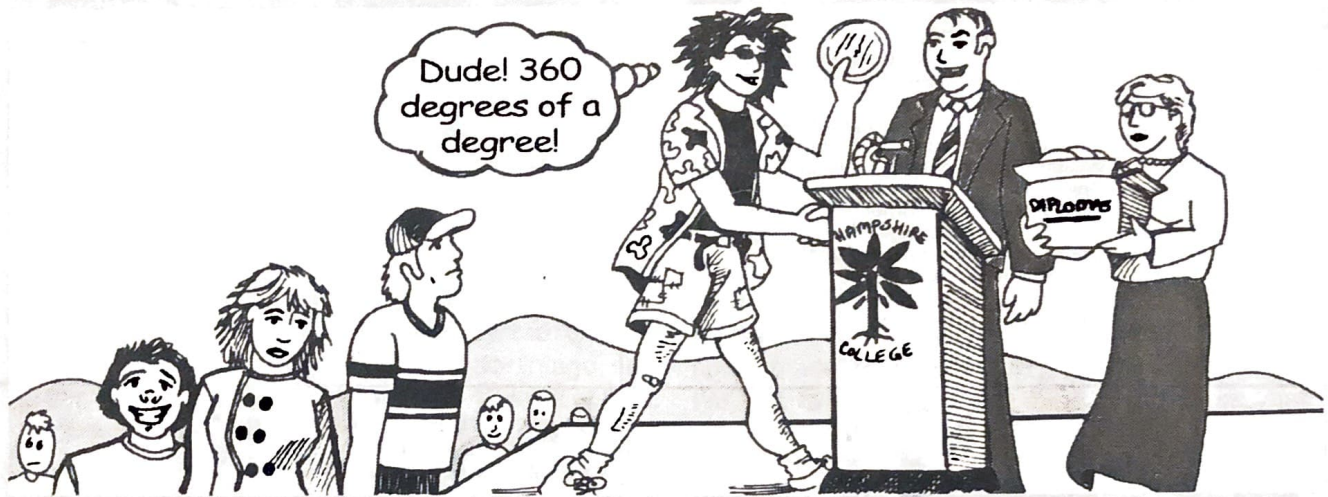


THE OMEN

HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE; VOL 16, ISSUE 6; MAY 4th, 2001





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Omen

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Iron Chef
Pizza Delivery Driver
Contract Assassin
Gobot
Plumber

THE OFFICIAL OMEN HUNK:

Views in the Omen (5)

Do not necessarily (7)

Reflect the staff's views (5)

<http://omen.hampshire.edu>

to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays before midnight**. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to mpierce@hampshire.edu. Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.



DON'T WORRY - I'M GOING TO CROP OUT THE PENIS!

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO
GABRIEL MCKEE

FROM THE EDITOR



A lot has happened this year at Hampshire. A lot of very important things which should probably be reviewed in order to feel like we've accomplished something and give us all a starting point for next semester. We need to look back in order to look ahead, to see what the future holds for us and everyone we affect on a daily basis. There comes a time when ... when ...

Ummm ... no ...

Let's not do this.

Instead, let's just look ahead for a minute.

I know, for example, that I am looking ahead to this summer. A little time away from Camp Hamp will do everyone wonders. Let's all enjoy the real world for a while where revenge isn't always on everyone's minds. In the real world, this summer, I, for one, am planning on attending maybe the greatest yearly rock performance around: Ozzfest 2001. Tickets went on sale over a month ago, so if you don't have them yet, you might be out of luck. Here's a little idea of what it's like:

Have you ever been caressed but not loved by hundreds of people in a single day? Have you ever had the bass of your favorite songs ride you? Have you ever just wanted to lay out in the sun during the day, and then, when the night comes, get up and rock out with your proverbial cock out? Kick some ass! Take some names! Make a mark! You won't be back for another year, so why not make it worth it? You paid the \$50 to \$250 dollars to get in, so claim a space and defend it from all other moshpits! Don't let them bully you - they certainly put their pants on one leg at a time ... unless, of course, they only have one leg. But there are always exceptions to the rule, so there!

The *Omen* is Hampshire's longest-running bi-weekly publication, established by Stephanie Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and

This year, there's Dis-turbed, CrazyTown, Taproot, Cold, Union Underground, Spineshank, Linkin Park, Papa Roach, Slipknot, and to top that all off, Marilyn Manson and then, the godfathers of heavy metal, Black Sabbath, touring again for one last time, or so they say, since they also said that last time, back in 1999.

I know that the show this year will top all others, and I can say that honestly since I went both to Ozzfest 2000 and Ozzfest 1999. I have to admit, though, Marilyn Manson has a tough spot to fill, since last year Pantera possessed that spot and the year before that, Rob Zombie (superior in all ways to White Zombie although most people would not agree with me on that one).

I find events like this to be especially nice since I get to hang out with a group of people who are some place with the same purpose as me. And I'm not talking a couple hundred people, but more like 15,000 (at least, in Jersey). Here at Hampshire, we are consumed by a small environment where there are extremes of all kinds. We have to remember that by creating ourselves at Hampshire, we are also limiting exposure to the real world. One of the most refreshing experiences I ever had, for example, was taking a class at UMASS. It expanded the amount of people I knew and allowed me to get out of Hampshire more often, thus maintaining more of my sanity.

Next year should be interesting, Division 3 and all. I look forward to it although I can already tell what I will be writing in one year, yet again, just as I am about to write now, "Fuck you losers. I'm going to Vegas."

understand that you are responsible for what you say. Nonetheless, views in the *Omen* do not necessarily represent the views of anyone, anywhere, living or dead.

Columnists are those who've submitted three consecutive articles. Layout editors are those who've helped put this particular issue together. There is no *Omen* staff, the "staff" changes with each issue. To qualify for community service you must be a columnist and help regularly with layout. Layout times (and such) will be discussed at our meetings; every other Tuesday (each following the release of an issue), in the Airport Lounge, 9PM. Everyone, everywhere, living and dead, should come.

The *Omen* loves you.



SECTION SPEAK

News, Commentary,
Announcements,
Propaganda,
Editorials.

GET OFF YOUR LAZY ASSES OR I WANT MY FUCKING FROGBOOK

BY NINA CHIOTASSO, CONTRIBUTOR

To start, I would like to re-call a few quotes I have heard in past months.

"The wall on the Bridge Café looks like Barney pissed on it and called it a paint job."

"Why should I join Community Council? They don't do anything anyways."

"Go finish the damn frogbook already!"

"We should not institute a housing plan that 80% of the campus is unhappy with!"

"To have dogs on this campus is inconsiderate to those who have fears or allergies and it saddens me to see someone like you at the head of this project."

"I have a right not to be on the web, if I don't want to, the bookstore can't put me on webcams, I pay their salaries."

"You can never hear the shows on Intran."

As you read these quotes you may laugh, shake your head or yell "Hell's yeah!" Unfortunately, so many of you will be shouting "Hell's yeah," and for what reason I cannot imagine. Everyday, people complain to me about something new. Maybe it's because I'm on Community Council, but probably not. They complain to everyone about everything and want to know why I don't care? I don't care because all of these people with their complaints do absolutely nothing to make changes. One of the most disgusting things I have ever heard was last week,

when the current student trustee came up to me and told me that not a single person had run for the position of alternate student trustee. Four meetings a year equaling possibly the highest ranking student position on campus, and no one even put in an application. This repulsive state of apathy is emphasized by the fact that at some point in the next year, people will complain about the lack of students on the administrative boards and I won't take part in the protests, because what these people are complaining about has no worth in my eyes. Let's go through some of the quotes (all completely real) and think about why the people who said them deserve zero respect.

The Bridge Café

Do any of you have any idea how much time went into this project? Whether or not you like the goddamn paint job is so irrelevant that it doesn't deserve the responses from COCD or any of its members. When you don't like the idea of how something is going to be done, go to the planning meetings and speak your mind. COCD is not a group of Nazis. They are likely to listen to your ideas, and try to suit them in the most feasible way possible.

Community Council

Perhaps I can use my

imagination for a moment to continue the thoughts of the person who said that thoughtful remark. After declaring that they will not participate in a group that "does nothing," they thought to themselves something like this: "Those stupid idiots waste their times trying to make our painfully apathetic campus better. They got out a record number of voters for the campus election and started printing some lame-o newsletter with a 70+ person mailing list. Yeah and worst of all they approved some stupid laundry plan where I don't have to use quarters anymore! What morons!"

The Frogbook

Do it yourself. People who help maintain nearly every form of internet communications on this campus hardly have time to put up pictures so you can look at yourself on the Web.

The Housing Plan

For three years, the Housing Advisory Committee has been meeting weekly to formulate a Housing Plan that can be workable and justified. After much outcry and input from the few students who came to meetings a plan was worked out that basically ensures 3rd and 4th year students mods. Apparently, there are people who neither check their mailboxes nor their email and feel angry that this plan was made without their knowledge. In the future, please let us know when you feel under-informed and we will have a cake with the current proposal frosted on it delivered to your door.

The Pet Policy

As mandated in a referendum passed by 546 members of the Hampshire Community, there was a pet policy committee formed. This open meeting was attended by one Community Council member, (required by referendum to form the committee), Greg Prince, Mike Ford, Tom Doherty, and Nancy Kelly. One Student, four administrators and a hell of a lot of angry, bitter, mostly anonymous emails. Half an hour later, two more students came by walking out calmly when told that any pet policy change was highly unlikely. All I had to say after this meeting was that I hoped people would stop writing me stories of their childhood dogbites. They didn't even show up. I don't care about their dogbites; rabies or no rabies.

Bookstore Security

Last Wednesday there was an all-community meeting on the prospect of increased bookstore security. It was attended by five staff members, the student asked to create the security system, myself and one other. I guess no one cares that they could be caught stealing on the Internet by their mom, checking in on how her little pumpkin is doing over at school.

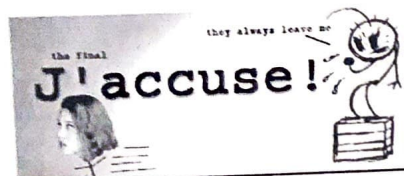
INTRAN

One guy works Intran. He videotapes all-community meetings, Council meetings, and is responsible for almost all of the 30+ hours of programming on Channel 7. He doesn't get paid. Want to help him? Go find him, he lives in

the studio, it shouldn't be too hard.

Perhaps the worst part of this article is that it is all completely true. Community Council is holding elections next week, and I bet I won't see any of you there. The guy that heads Intran is starting his Div. 3, and there is no one there to take over. I don't want the pet policy to change, and I guess none of the 546 people who said they wanted it to change want that change badly enough to go to a meeting or two. It's embarrassing and disgraceful that the President of our school can make time to speak for something he believes in, but students cannot. The Bridge is not yet finished, and yet, those who complained the loudest still do so anonymously, from far away, ineffective places like the Daily Jolt. At this point people may be feeling guilty for sitting around watching Survivor while a dozen or so people volunteer to serve root beer floats and clean up tables in the new completely student-run community space. However, most of you are just scowling, thinking how wrong I am. If you think I'm wrong, come tell me. I live in Prescott 96A. My extension is 5158. Do me a favor and if you send me emails, attach your name for a change. Or maybe you can do me a bigger favor and prove me wrong about everything I have written in this article. I guarantee I won't get a single person knocking at my door, but as I said, I would like nothing better than to be proven wrong.





AS LONG AS YOU AMUSE YOURSELF...

"Gabe's what some people would call a 'renaissance man' and what others would call an 'ass-hole.'"

—Daniel Waxler

"Daddee is funnie." It all started with a one-panel cartoon called "Daddee is funnie." I can guarantee that none of you got it. Why? Because it wasn't a joke, really. Just one panel of utter nonsense. So I am led to ask, am I a cult figure yet? I guess that's what I really wanted out of this sordid affair, from the *Omen* to Intran to the WWC, to name but a few of the places I've sought to make myself appear ridiculous, obnoxious, and overbearing.

My time as a regular writer for the *Omen* has been a wild one, to say the least. I'm not afraid to say that some of my articles have sucked. But neither am I too proud to admit that a few others have been sheer genius, comic gems that never got the respect they deserved out of you, the students of Hampshire College. From my exploration of the connection between hot dogs, Eazy-E's hit "Nutz on ya Chin," and Taoism to my classic *Omen* lay-out comic strip to the under-appreciated epic "Death of a Poison Fan," I have struggled to bring some joy and levity to you, the average Hampshire student. I am authorized to do this because I am better than you.

And now, it's over. I am left here trying to decide what I can

say to accurately end my run as a regular contributor to the *Omen*: should I recap my "greatest hits"? Talk about how the school has changed in the last four years? Indict the *Omen* for being bastards and destroying the *Nemo*, the finest publication this campus ever saw? Mock the *Forward* some more? List the regrets of my Hampshire career?

That's a good place to start, though I really only have one: I didn't use the phrase "Large collection of blowjob MPGs" frequently enough. That's a phrase everyone needs to use, in a manner such as this:

Bob: "Hey, Tim, how's it going today?"

Tim: "Large collection of blowjob MPGs, Bob."

Or this:

Drive-Through Person: "Welcome to Whammy Burger, may I take your order."

Drive-Through Patron: "I'd like a large collection of blowjob MPGs and a small diet coke, please."

I'm sure that right now some of you are thinking that my sense of humor is immature. And, on a certain level, you're right. But here I challenge you: is not the very concept of "maturity" (read: mental superiority) as opposed to "immaturity" merely an invention of society? A construct used to enforce what some might call a

"dominant paradigm"? With this I defiantly defy all those who have found anything that anyone ever did "immature". I say to you: LARGE COLLECTION OF BLOWJOB MPGS.

This would normally be the place in the article where I would declare large segments of Hampshire's student body, and some faculty and staff as well, self-righteous fucks. Usually, I would have set that up by mentioning some specific campus issue or other. But I don't have to do that any longer. A new rallying cry has come to us, Hampshire, a new banner under which to march forth on the path of glory. And that banner reads: "Large collection of blowjob MPGs." In most cases, the people I would be arguing against on the aforementioned specific arguments would have no logic in their lists of grievances. And, faced with an absurd attack, how can logic be used defensively? Nay, we must defend ourselves with our absurdity, and that absurdity is to be found in the phrase, "large collection of blowjob MPGs." Let this be your only defense, it is all you shall need in the kangaroo court of this wacky school, and the wackier world outside.

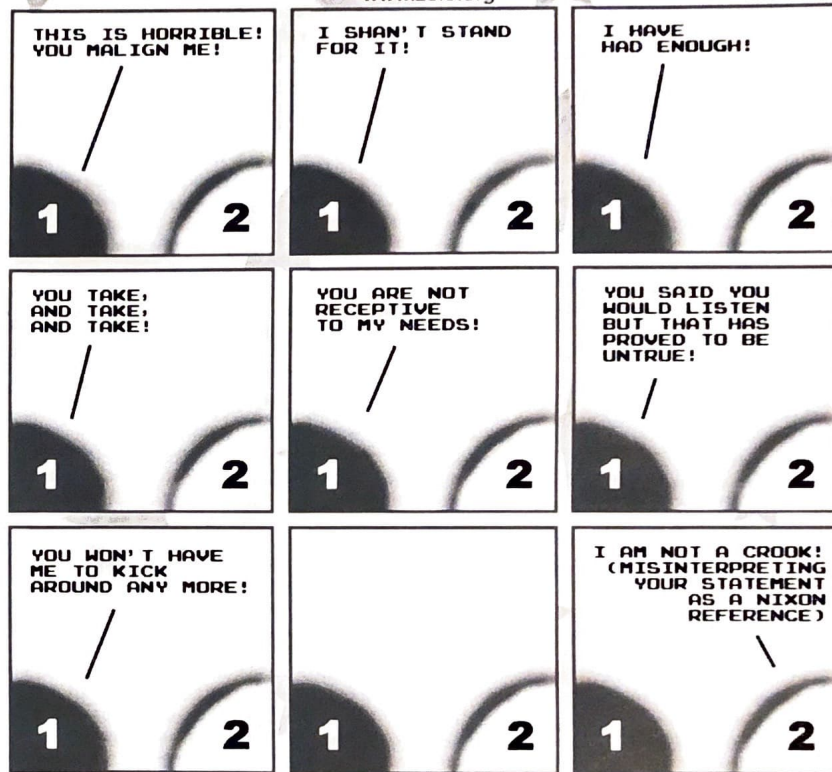
Now, where was I? Oh, yes. I was talking about my regrets, and that, of course, led to a large collection of blowjob MPGs. The real regret, of course, was not being absurd often enough. In most of the "serious" issues I dis-

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST XVI

by M. Zole

www.zole.org



AS LONG AS YOU...

continuations

cussed, I gave those with whom I disagreed far too much credit. I didn't allow myself to be infused with the absurdity of the situation, and hence I was not funny enough. And so I urge you, future generations of Hampshire students: run a banner up the mast of this ship of fools. And let it read, proudly, in clashing colors: "Large collection of blowjob MPGs." Buy something, or get the hell out.

It's been fun, Hampshire. I would like to leave you with these final words:

As long as you amuse yourself, it's as funny as it needs to be.



"FAREWELL, GOODNIGHT, TURN OUT ALL THE LIGHTS..."

Good Lil Omen Lass

BY ROSALINA VALDIZ, COLUMNIST

We're down to the wire, folks. A few days and counting until we all leave Camp Hamp and head on home. It's hard to imagine that this school year is coming to a close and I sincerely wish that it wasn't, but it is.

I figure that I would write about my first year here for the last article of the year and let you all have a glimpse into the last nine months of my life. Original concept, I know, but bear with me.

Before I came here, I had to give myself a little pep talk...

"Rosalina, you're off to college. No parents, no curfew..."

It wasn't as if I was thrilled to death that I was leaving my family. I mean, of course I was happy to acquire some freedom after a pretty strict upbringing but I also have a pretty good relationship with them and so my going off to college wasn't a way for me to feel like I had gotten rid of them for good. And, okay, I must admit, the "not having a curfew" thing was really sweet. I used to have a hard time trying to convince my mom and dad to allow me to go out to watch a movie by myself at 1 at night or try to explain to them why I arrived home at 2 in the morning (which only happened twice) and to then have a first semester in which I wouldn't get into my room until 4 in the morning sometimes was something I was definitely enjoying.

At the same time I had the dilemma: You wanted your own

space but now you want them back in it.

There were times last semester where being sick, lonesome, or sad and not having some family around really sucked. What made it even worse was the fact that my family was so far away. Some of my friends had the good fortune to have their families close by and when they needed a break from Camp Hamp all they had to was get in their car and drive home. I didn't have that luxury since California is whopping 3,000 miles away. The things that kept me sane were long IMs with my best friend in California, going on my nightly walks around Hampshire, a friendly ear to complain to, and music.

"You're going to have to do a lot of work and try to finish off most of your Div I's..."

I knew not to kid myself when it came to the Div I's. I knew that I would want to complete them all in a year, that it would be difficult, and I should talk myself out of it.

I didn't. I thought I had done well by completing one my first semester even though it wasn't filed and with a One-Plus-One option, a Two-Course option, and a project in CS everything would all be set for second semester.

Ummm, things didn't go as planned. I think that at this point if I complete at least 3 Div I's, I'll be thrilled.

That was pretty much the extent of my pep talk. I really didn't

want to pump myself full of expectations because I've always had the belief that when you fill yourself with so many expectations (especially when they're high expectations) you're bound to get hurt. So I came to Hampshire with an open mind.

I've since learned many other things since I have been here. I've learned that you may come to Hampshire with certain beliefs and even though you think that you will always hold firm on them, they'll be tested, be that good or bad.

I've learned that here at Hampshire you have the possibility of finding people that you will end up becoming very close to but they will leave you sooner than you want them to. All of my friends are either second, third, or fourth years and the prospect of them leaving isn't something that I like to think about.

The plight of the first year: Meeting friends that you begin to care a lot about and finding that they will be leaving you soon. To cheer me up, someone that I have just recently become friends with told me that, "one person ends up being a stepping stone to someone new".

I'm going to take this opportunity to say goodbye to two great people that I have met this year. Gabe McKee, you're a nutter. You're one of those people that I mentioned that I am very sad is leaving because I have only really gotten to get to know you since second semester and now

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

THE UNIVERSAL SELF EVALUATION

BY ERIN SNYDER, CONTRIBUTOR

If you're like me, you often find yourself half awake at two in the morning, having just finished another final paper, only to realize that you still have to write a self evaluation. You stay up another fifteen or twenty minutes trying to put a semester of effort onto paper. The truly distressing part is that, were you to actually look at several of your self-evaluations, they're all pretty much the same. It's time to put a stop to the insanity. I've created Hampshire's first Universal Self Evaluation. All you need to do is fill in the blanks, and the Universal Self Evaluation will work for approximately 80% of the courses offered at Hampshire.

Name: _____
Course Title: _____, _____, and _____.
Course Number: _____

Sitting here, after a semester, I am amazed at how far my understanding of _____ has progressed. My ability to write papers in the _____ has noticeably improved, as I've developed a greater comprehension of the structure one must abide by in order to accomplish advanced work in _____.

My first paper, written on _____, was enthusiastic, though it lacked the maturity of my later work. I feel the problems occurred due to my optimism at being able to cover two hundred years of philosophical development in _____ in only seven pages. By the time I wrote my later papers, I feel that I had overcome this shortcoming. My later work, which focused on Foucault's Madness and Civilization, _____, and modern feminist theory, was a huge improvement. Due to my work in this course, I feel that I now have a better grasp of the present discourse on gender theory.

I completed the work for this class in a timely fashion, and attended class regularly.



"FAREWELL, GOODNIGHT..." continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

you're going to take you "Daddee is funnie", your ramblings about "Poison" and your love for monster movies to Harvard. Somehow, I don't think that they will appreciate those things as much as we do. Anyhoo, I'll miss you, make us all proud at Harvard.

Then there's Good Ol' Caitlin Quinn. Now, when I first got to Hampshire I was considered the "Sweet Innocent One" by the people that I hung out with, I think that changed when I became friends with Caitlin. She soon became known as my "corrupter" and would soon introduce me to things that my parents and local priests would go bucknuts over. But I also gained a really good friend, who when I didn't have a

place to go to during Thanksgiving break took me home with her and made me part of a family. Through all of her crazy shenanigans I knew that I had a friend when I really needed it. I'll miss you too, you crazy Irish woman.

One day closer to leaving. I just ordered my plane ticket today. May 12th. I want more time.

Ah well, we'll all leave, do whatever it is to keep us sane during the summer, and then we'll all see each other when we come back. So fellow Hampsters, I'll see you guys in September. Until then, try not to do anything that would cause Hampshire to lose your tuition.



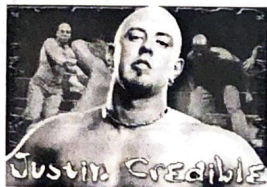


(clay mostly wrestling)

WHY DOES THE WWF ALWAYS NEED TO CHANGE THE LETTER 'I' TO A 'Y'?

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Well, my previous column on the art of professional wrestling went over so well (I got no negative comments at all!) that I have decided to make it a semi-regular feature. And given my dearth of actual things to talk about, this column will probably end up being semi-regular like "We Hardly Knew Ye" is semi-regular. This week I am going to talk about the recent influx of new talent to the WWF in the last few months. Most of these have been ECW castoffs and with the acquisition of former ECW owner Paul Heyman, all have a good shot at getting a lot of face time on WWF programming. So I submit this humble scouting report.



Quite simply, this man is a major reason ECW had to file for bankruptcy. Before he became ECW world champion ECW had a primetime slot on TNN, garnered the highest rating on the network, and pulled in decent pay-per-view buyrates. By the time he lost the belt, ECW was off TNN for low ratings, buyrates had dried up, and the company was weeks behind on paychecks.

The fans didn't like Justin. Paul Heyman did. So Justin never lost. Ever. You think HHH's recent run at the top has been bad. This was worse. Of course, Vince McMahon has the final say in the WWF, so a repeat of that situation is unlikely.

For what it is worth, Justin is a capable, if unspectacular in-ring performer. His mic skills are subpar, but not awful. He is pretty mediocre overall, but again, not as bad as some people the WWF has pushed before (I'm looking at you, Billy Gunn). He has some potential, but has been saddled with X-Pac and Albert as of late. On the plus side, he is not getting much of a push. On the minus side, he is teamed with two of the suckiest wrestlers in the WWF. The fans chant "X-Pac sucks" when he is not even in the match, and Albert is best known for his body hair and yelling a lot when he wrestles. The thing about Justin is there are probably one hundred independent wrestlers who could do his job better, but at least it is only a hundred. Look for Justin to stay with X-factor for a while and beat the Dudleys a lot, since X-Pac and he are friends with HHH. **WWF Grade: C**



Hey, reason number two ECW was eight million in debt when they filed for bankruptcy. Rhyno held both the ECW TV title and World titles when the company folded, despite being hated by the fans. Like Justin Credible, he is a decent worker for his size, and his timing in the ring is better than Justin's. The WWF was smart enough to not let him talk much, since his ECW promos were known mostly for their profanity and incoherence. He is currently serving in an enforcer type roll for Edge and Christian, and he is well suited for it. The WWF has booked him smartly as well, keeping him in the ring with people like Crash Holly and Spike Dudley to get him over as a monster, when in fact he is probably about 5'11" and 250-260 pounds. I have no beef with him as long as he remains a role player, and, so far, he has been fairly entertaining as such. **WWF Grade: B-**



Formerly Mona in WCW, Molly joined the Holly family late last year. She is probably the best all around wrestler of the WWF women and has a good 'look' (a.k.a. She is hot, very hot). She capably fills the Lita

role for the Hollies, despite being a much better wrestler than Lita (But she doesn't wear her pants below her hips). The fans seem to like her a lot as well, which bodes well for her. And she's hot, very hot. I really can't stress that enough. She hasn't been given any major programs, but look for her to hold the WWF Women's title by the end of the year, not that the belt means anything anymore, anyway. **WWF Grade: B**



Raven is another of the ECW castoffs, but he has the advantage of having a very good run in WCW 1997-98 with memorable feuds with Chris Benoit and Perry Saturn, all of which produced pretty good matches. The hardcore style broke down his body a lot, but his recent work in the WWF's hardcore division has been pretty good, and he seems to be getting his groove back. When healthy, he is a solid brawler, displays good in ring psychology, and has been a bright spot in the WWF hardcore division recently. The hardcore match at Wrestlemania, Kane v. Big Show v. Raven, was carried by Raven's willingness to go through glass windows and get run over by golf carts. Raven is awesome on the mic when given a chance. His stuff with Tommy Dreamer in ECW is classic stuff. Some of his recent stuff has been pretty solid as well. Raven will probably hold the hardcore title again at some point, but has an excellent chance for advancement. **WWF Grade: B+**



Yet another ECW castoff. Spike barely tips the scales at a buck fifty, and is more than willing to die multiple times in the ring. In recent weeks he has been tossed over the ropes fifteen feet out of the ring by Albert, speared onto the back of his head by Rhyno, and rammed back first into a ring post at full speed. He is pretty much a role player as well, and doesn't have much of a future outside the Dudleys, but his willingness to kill himself in the ring just so the fans can chant "Holy Shit" is always appreciated. He will stay in the hardcore division mostly and help out the Dudley Boyz in six man tags. **WWF Grade: B-**

More ECW talent is on the horizon. Jerry Lynn, Yoshihiro Tajiri, and Tommy Dreamer are all under contract and should debut soon. Lynn has already been wrestling at house shows. One or two of those three may end up in the repackaged WCW whenever it debuts. Lynn and Tajiri are both awesome wrestlers, (with Tajiri being the best cruiserweight wrestling in North America at the moment) but are short for the WWF. Vince likes big men, and Tajiri and Lynn are both shorter than Benoit, with Tajiri barely topping 5'5". He may end up in Kaientai, which is sad, because he is an ass kicker, and shouldn't be saddled with a comedy gimmick. Then again, TAKA and Funaki are both very accomplished wrestlers

in their own right, and don't deserve it either. Tajiri does apparently speak English fairly well, so that is a check in the plus column. I really don't have a guess what they will do with Lynn, but I would guess a feud with one of the Radicalz might be likely. As for Dreamer, his body is broken down, and he was never a great wrestler to begin with, so his future in the WWF is limited.



He is a personal favorite of mine, so I hope the WWF can find some place for him, even if it is only a road agent. He may be the greatest casualty of the ECW 'revolution.'

Other up and comers for the WWF include Brock Lesnar and Sheldon Benjamin, former elite amateur wrestlers like Kurt Angle. They have been wrestling dark matches before RAW and have been getting tremendous responses from fans. There are also developmental talents Spanky, American Dragon, and Low-Ki, out of Shawn Michaels' TWA promotion. They received loads of praise for their performances at the 2001 Super 8 tournament in Delaware. There isn't much room at the inn, though. The WWF is already overloaded with talent as it is, and they can only ship so many wrestlers over to WCW when it relaunches this summer. Vince's monopoly may see some WWF employees looking at the unemployment line come this autumn.



IF I PUT MY FINGERS HERE

BY DORIAN GILMAN, COLUMNIST

"Do you really want to do this?" Laura laughed inwardly. Sure, it was sweet of him to ask, but couldn't he do so *before* they were halfway undressed and struggling to the bed? And what was he thinking anyway, asking such a question. If she hadn't wanted sex, she wouldn't have sat on his lap at the party and started biting his fingers. She was direct like that.

"Of course I want to do this. Whatever gave you the impression that I wouldn't?"

"Well... I know you were into that girl last week..." His voice was nervous and concerned. She was waiting to find out if he was concerned in that "I'm your friend and I care" sense, or the "you like girls better and I'm not going to get head am I" sense. She was guessing the former but hoping for the latter, because she didn't feel like pillow talk tonight.

"I have a short attention span. Let's see how long you can keep mine." And she began a lazy descent towards what looked like a very promising bulge in his cords.

"Hey.. hold on." She looked up, somehow managing not to bare her teeth. What did he want now?

"Let's just take this a little slower, okay?" He reached down to cup her face in his hand, and she obediently crawled forward, kneeling between his legs to kiss him. He had a nice kiss, she conceded,

but it struck her as being very girly. It wasn't just his lips, which were soft with an overdose of chapstick, but the way his tongue tentatively entered her mouth. Maybe on Sundays, in the late afternoon, she wanted those kisses.

But she was halfway drunk and sitting in bed with a boy who had serious toy potential. She wanted sex in her mouth and she wanted it now. She grabbed his shoulders, allowing her nails to dig in a bit as they kissed, straddling him as gracefully as possible. She didn't like this position particularly, because she was tall and kissing required an awkward angle, but at least she was in control. Really, she didn't like being in control at all, but she figured this was the only way things were going to get anywhere. Why was he so hesitant? As her mouth released his, and she nibbled at his neck, he spoke again.

"I'm really not sure we should do this. Jamie's my friend, I wouldn't want to hurt his feelings... Ow!" Laura experienced a distinct lack of self-control as she bit into his neck. Hard.

"What do you mean, hurt Jamie's feelings? Who's Jamie?" Her voice was very quiet. If Geoffrey had known what was good for him, he would have shut up. But he didn't. "You know, James. You were with him last month. He hasn't stopped talking about you."

"Well, he hasn't called."
"He didn't think you wanted to hear from him."

At this point, Laura crawled off her new friend, and settled back against the bed. James, Jamie. Also known as the boy she couldn't get out of her head and had only slept with once because it had been too painful.

Emotionally. He had gone through two girlfriends since they were together and what did Geoffrey think he was going to accomplish by bringing him up?

"I've never heard such bullshit in my entire life. James hasn't thought about me since he fucked me, and that was, as you said, last month. Is there something else you're not telling me?"

"Well... to be perfectly honest, I'm afraid you're going to do the same thing to me as you did to him."

"Which was what exactly? I gave him booze and then head and everybody had a good time. Is this a problem? Was there something else you wanted?"

"I want what you didn't give him."

"Breakfast?" Laura smiled and gave her best "do me, do me now!" expression, which he ignored.

"Exactly."

"Okay, I'm now confused. Why are you ruining this perfectly good evening talking about someone else who's shared my bed. And who cares about breakfast?"

"I guess I don't want to be a

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

ZAK KAUFFMAN IS NOT FUNNY

BY ZVI CITRON, CONTRIBUTOR

In the April 6th issue of the *Omen* Zak Kauffman wrote an article, "NO COMMUNITY = ALIEN POSSESSION," parodying the calls for community on the Hampshire campus. He jokingly presents organizations that completely obliterate the individual for the sake of the community. He lists: 1) the Zerg 2) the Phalanx 3) the Borg 4) Nazis 5) Zombies 6) Starro the Conqueror 7) the Evil Dead. Six of these are drawn from popular science fiction; one of them is obviously not.

I am not writing this to accuse Zak Kauffman of being an anti-Semite, as the article is clearly intended to be funny and in no way endorses Nazi ideology. However, the article does demonstrate a disturbing level of insensitivity towards evil/tragedy/murder/genocide/death/destruction or whatever method of conceptualization one employs in dealing with what has come to be known as the Nazi Holocaust. Thursday the nineteenth was Holocaust Memorial Day; this is a day in recognition of the

horrible severity and historical significance of the Holocaust. It is recognition that the absolute evil and destruction perpetrated to an unfathomable magnitude is a timeless tragedy and will always be. I urge people to think in these terms and not in terms of past tragedy as fodder for a joke, as Kauffman does.

Kauffman's article essentially cheapens the Nazi Holocaust. He devalues the infinite worth of each individual life lost. Is he mocking Nazis? It is impossible to condemn evil when the evil is not even recognized as such but is reduced to the status of comic book villains. He cheapens the tragedy of the victims, and implies on some levels that the villains were not even real. Kauffman writes, "Well the Nazis will get those fucking buses running on schedule even if they have to kill a million Jews to do it." I hope it is not news that the Nazis killed more for less.



IF I PUT MY FINGERS...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

part of this if all I get to do is share the bed."

"Did you miss the sign on the door? Vacancy for one or more, no commitment required?"

"Laura, I like you."

"How very high-school."

"No, how very romantic. To be honest, this wasn't how I planned the evening at all. I wanted to be alone with you, not at some party where our behavior incites commentary."

She looked at the clock. It was past three and the buzz was gone. Her interest in the cute boy beside her was also gone. And her shirt was missing. Laura got up from the bed and began to look for her shirt, which she suspected was in the hall or even downstairs, where she could hear the last of the party leaving. No, there it was, sitting near the door looking very abused. She remembered how, so very recently, Geoffrey had been trying to rip it off, much to the amusement of the drunk people around them. Where had the energy gone?

"Geoffrey, that kind of nonsense will get you nowhere. Especially with me." On that note, she

put her shirt back on, and zipped up her pants.

"Now, if you want breakfast, I suggest you come back here tomorrow around noon, and I'll be happy to let you take me out. I'll even talk about this, if I'm not feeling too hung-over. But you have violated what I assumed would be a clear understanding, and I want you to leave."

He got up, looking rather ashamed, and collected his stuff. He didn't even say anything, although Laura suspected she'd hear plenty tomorrow, either from him or his friend Shelley, who had brought him to the party in the first place. Which reminded her.

"I'd apologize to Shelley if I were you. I think she expected more TLC than she got this evening." She sighed. Alcohol managed to mix up the nicest pairings sometimes.

"Good night Laura." He walked out the door. She waited until she heard the mod door close, and then she slammed hers.

"Good night asshole." She walked back to the bed, where she passed out, fully dressed.





BENNI'S FAVORITE ADVERB IS 'SEXILY'

BY JEFFREY PATERNOSTRO, COLUMNIST

Well, every *Omen* staffer and their scarred orientee is rolling out retrospectives and years in review this week, so I suppose it is up to me to break up the dol-drumms in the *Omen* reader's life and bring some actual CONTENT~! (caps and tilde bang stolen from the playboyz at deathvalleydriver.com) Not only that, I am going to be topical.

First, I would like to give a hardy congrats to Gabriel McKee for successfully completing his Division III in Dick, Philip K. Now I know you are waiting for the punch line, so here it is. Proving the worth of his Hampshire education. Gabe took over fifty attempts to hit the Div III bell with Shaun Boyle's sandle. Gabe, you throw like a girl. And with that I forever close the book on my making fun of Gabe. It was fun while it lasted, but I like to go out on top.

I was cleaning up my dorm room and starting the arduous organizing procedure to move out, and I discovered my old orientation packet from the Fall. My intrepid orientation leaders were none other than our own Michael "Benni" Pierce and Wilder Konschak. So yes, folks, we are a cult. Just thought I would clear that up. But looking through the packet, I also discovered the title for my article.

SHAMELESS SHILL ALERT

Everyone should go see my play, *Emperors of Ice Cream*, debuting as part of the New Play Festival Satur-

day, May 5th, and then block off even more time on their calendar on May 12th for the premier of *Darwin's Kids* Episode 14, written and co-directed by yours truly. Spend your last two Saturday nights at Hampshire College watching my intellectual masturbation on stage and screen, you know you want to.

Apparently my 'Wu' name is Pro-miscuous Protestah.

Goddamn Mets can't win a goddamn game, goddamn! I have no in depth analysis to offer since the hippy-infused Hampshire cable stations don't show Mets games.

Okay, so this is nothing more than random thoughts, I confess. At least I am not ripping off Wade Stuckwisch, Shaun. Hah! Think I didn't notice that cheap shot you took at me a couple weeks ago in your "article."

I should probably try to make this article have some sort of semblance of forethought and purpose. Has anyone else noticed that Hampshire students seem to be so ready to defend thousands of dollars for radio stations and snack buses, but don't seem to care that no one is hiring video, writing or theater professors when no one gets into those classes unless they camp out in the Yurt all night? Oh well, enjoy your buck fifty grilled cheese sandwiches. Looks like I'll be taking all off campus courses next year. At least we have our priorities straight.

See, if I was only spending my parents' money, you could buy all the snack buses that your little hearts

desire. But seeing as I am going to have to pay back a decent chunk of it, I would rather it go to something that actually might help me finish my undergraduate education in four years. I'll be lucky if I get off the waiting list for Video I by then.

The Unauthorized Biography of Reinhold Messner is the greatest CD of our generation. Sell your mother into slavery to get your grubby little hands on it. I'd do a review, but again, that would make my column have practical information. No one wants that.

Another thing I have learned is that I am the only *Omen* staffer who fills these pages with absolutely useless information. I don't review anything. I don't write critical, informative pieces about the Hampshire community. I'm not even funny. Heck, even Dorian had that critique of Community Council in between her article on vibrators and short piece of soft-core porn. The only *Omen* staffer to give me a run for my money on uselessness is the departing Gabe McKee, and even he got his name stuck on the awesome article on the SOURCE representative controversy a few issues back. I got nothing except pretentious fiction and historical pieces on wrestling. But hey, that got Benni the editor-in-chief's chair. So there you go.

Until next time, have a good summer Hampsters. I will be slaving away in retail trying to make enough money to afford even more useless crap come fall. Same as it ever was.



THE BODY ROCK NOW

BY GWYNNE WATKINS, COLUMNIST

What do you see when you see a naked woman? Do you feel threatened? Aroused? Insecure? Angered? Amused? Intimidated?

If you're female, you've probably received one of the ubiquitous "body image" emails, the ones that keep emphasizing how Barbie, were she a Real Live Girl, wouldn't be able to menstruate. I dig these emails, though I wish I'd seen one when I was a dieting 11-year-old.

One of the more interesting statistics (sic.) states that 85% of women, after looking at a fashion magazine for ten minutes, feel guilt, shame, and self-loathing. Now, on one hand, I am reluctant to credit an email forward with actual facts. On the other hand, I find this one pretty easy to swallow. With all the silicone chests and coke bottle waistlines that the fashion industry assaults us with, you'd think women would be over it. But the more I see, the more horrified I am.

Everyone wears clothes. Clothes are supposed to look good on people. Models are supposed to look like people. But instead, models look like mannequins, clothes are designed for models, and real people are left wondering why they can't all be a Size 2.

O the postmodern joy of it

all. Le sigh.

But we've been over all this. We go to Hampshire, where "SS121: The Male Gaze" will soon be a Div I requirement. My problem is not that popular culture has warped our images of what we should be. It's that popular culture has warped our image of what we ARE.

I, personally, like looking at naked women. Naked men, too. I find six pacs and Barbiesque figures, however, to be boring as hell. I'm often baffled by the appeal. Who LOOKS like that? I don't. Neither does anybody I've dated. When you get to love somebody's body, you get to love the uniqueness of it, the moles and bulges and (especially) scars. A body is the external history of a person, an inventory of growth, trauma, and survival. I think of my own body, scarred by a third grade bicycle crash, stretched by college weight gain, blue veins vivid under the paler surfaces of my skin. When your eyes are ingrained with assembly-line magazine bodies, airbrushed to a supernatural standard, these uniquenesses start to feel unwelcome. But without these things, there would be no mystery to the body, no learning the new terrain of another human being.

Women are at a disadvantage, in that their bodies are

Shouting Theatre in a
Crowded Fire



constantly used against them. The guilt of harassment, so hard for men to understand, lurks always in the background of the mirror. It's gotten to the point where, if we see a naked female body, we feel offended. And we SHOULD be offended — by the unfair pressure of bodies we can never attain, the promise of empty fulfillment if we can.

But to be offended by the sheer image of the naked body? Well, that's as good as giving in. Our bodies aren't weapons, and we shouldn't let other people hold them over our heads. Naked needs to stop meaning vulnerable. Objectification, perhaps, isn't so bad. Maybe it just needs to expand. When will the media start using elbows to market their products? When will vericose veins be the next big fashion statement? Bodies are just external, after all. To appreciate our bodies is to see and admire them as objects, not more or less — a view that gives the body power, but takes away its spite.

I want to look at that naked woman and not think "guilt." I don't even want to think "sex." I want to think, "That's what's under my clothes. Neat."

And once in a while, I'd like to open a magazine and see a real stomach.





Section ZOLE



FTAA! GOT YOU ALL IN CHECK

BY MICHAEL ZOLE

Maybe I'm just hitting my sophomore slump, but looking back on this, my second year at Hampshire, all I can think is that last year was way more interesting. I mean, *The Omen* has been the target of plastic-wrapped art and pretty boycotts this year, but last year a vocal minority on this campus wanted *The Omen's* metaphorical head on a stick. Good times!

That said, I guess a bunch of cool stuff happened this year. I met some nice first-years. I filed Div II. I developed an unhealthy affection for the Beastie Boys. And since those who forget the past are doomed to go on indefinite leave from it, I bring you the second annual Section Zole Year-End Retrospective. Here, I will revisit topics previously covered by myself and other *Omen* writers, other Hampshire-related items of note, and stuff I think up as I go along. Ready? Let's begin!

Party Bus: Word on the street is, the party bus isn't going to happen. The reason: as it turns out, COCD isn't allowed to blow thousands of dollars on something the campus does not want or need. Go figure.

Boycott Columbus Day: Remember this? Somebody in this steaming pit of a campus put up posters kindly suggesting we boycott Columbus Day, although they didn't tell us how (Show up to work?). Presumably we should boycott Columbus day because Columbus was an asshole, but hey, everyone was an asshole back then.

New Housing Policy: Hey, any-

thing that screws people out of their mods is cool with me. I have a better idea, though: instead of a lottery, mods are determined by freestyle rapping competitions. If you want in, you'd better learn how to rhyme. On the plus side, once you get to the mods you no longer have to be on the "full rhymes plan", and you can make your own rhymes. But be warned: Run-DMC assure me that rocking a rhyme that's right on time is, in fact, quite tricky.

Mods: Oh, speaking of which, I'm living in a mod next year. You remember when I wrote an article about how people who live in the mods are stuck-up bitches? Well, I'm a hypocrite. I'm going to see if it's possible to (a) live in a mod without losing your humility, and (b) move back to the dorms after a semester or two. I mean, how hard can it be to give up living in a giant donut?

Shaun's Official Currency of Fun: They don't accept it at the school store. Trust me, I tried. But that's OK, because if I want soft-focus lesbian erotica I can still get it for free on the Internet.

Amherst has money: Yes they do. In Japanese class today, our professor (Tawa-sensei) informed us a cameraman would be coming in on Monday. She told us that we would have to use the digital overhead projector instead of paper handouts that day, basically to prove that we're using the computer equipment paid for by some Amherst-loving philanthropist. However, she assured us she would give us paper handouts after the cameraman left. True story.

FTAA: I like the techniques protestors use in an attempt to convince themselves and others that they might possibly be able to make even the slightest difference. Acting like the FTAA is Godzilla, for example. The posters say things like "We must stop the FTAA or all is lost!" I haven't heard any actual protestors say stuff like that, but when they do, I bet their lips move out of sync with their words.

"Vote Nader" Sign: Well, it worked, didn't it?

The Forward: I was hoping that our official campus paper had finally kicked the bucket, as it would be an excuse to revive *The Nemo*. Unfortunately they did manage to put out a single issue this semester. I realize *The Omen* makes fun of *The Forward* a lot, but come on: their proof-reading is atrocious, they give the word "intermittent" new meaning, and their articles make *The Omen* seem objective. Plus they print far too many copies when they do produce an issue, and most of these copies basically sit in the basement of J. Who said *The Nemo* was a waste of paper?

The Nemo: God, I miss *The Nemo*.

At *The Omen*, we work very hard to put out a magazine – which is supposed to be a space for you to say whatever the hell you want – and the only

thanks we get is the derisive comments I overhear in the Dining Commons. *The Nemo* was our opportunity to let our hair down and bust out the comedy. Something about the haphazard layout and Onion-style humor really did it for me. Unfortunately laying out *The Nemo* took too much time and effort away from laying out *The Omen*, so we had to can it. I continue to plot its triumphant return...

Community Council: I'm not sure if we actually have a Community Council, or if it's just some weird dream I had. Maybe I'll run next year to find out.

The Simpsons: I'm not going to be a bitchy fanboy and say that the recent *Simpsons* episodes have been abysmal. I'm just going to say that most of the older episodes – up to season 9 or 10 – are so goddamn brilliant it hurts. *Futurama* is also brimming with oldschool hilarity. But as far as I'm concerned, you can't go wrong with Matt Groening's *Simpsons*-predating comic *Life In Hell*. The *Daily Collegian* prints it sometimes. Read it. It's good stuff.

Video games: I promised I wouldn't write any video game articles this year, and I pulled it off. It wasn't even that hard. I'm not sure if it made my column any more readable to the masses, but it was worth a shot. As such, despite the fact that I'm actually doing my Div II on video games, I will continue to

refrain from writing about them in *The Omen*.

PlayStation2: But I'm going to make an exception, just this once, for this sorry hunk of molded plastic. So people trip over each other to pay \$300 for a PlayStation 2 in October, and the games suck ass. (At best, they merely suck.) Everyone who owns one either realizes this or denies it. As a result, Sega is forced to cut their losses and discontinue the Dreamcast, which has had a steady stream of excellent games since day one. Thanks a lot, fuckers. To make matters worse, Sega is now making PS2 games, which I think sends the wrong message. You PlayStation brats don't deserve *Crazy Taxi*. Now, back to our Section Zole year-end retrospective, already in progress.

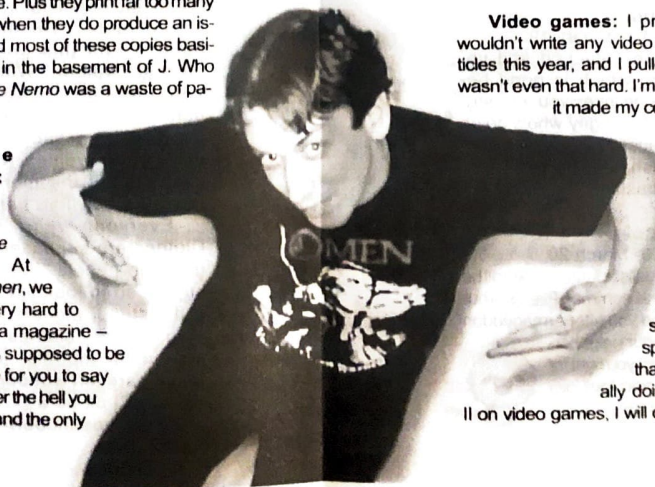
First Year Plan: There should be an all-student meeting during orientation week called "Maybe You Haven't Made A Huge Mistake". Also we should abolish Div I projects, or at least make them optional. If you spend three semesters at Hampshire and pass all your classes, I think that's good enough.

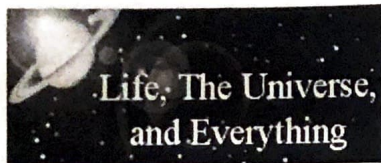
Various Zole innovations: This semester, I coined the term "I don't clue a shit", which should be spoken with a slur whenever you either don't know or don't care about something. This phrase should be sweeping the nation by next Tuesday, or heads will roll. Also, I determined that whenever life is giving you a hard time, you should abandon your vehicle. Can't make a left turn? Abandon your vehicle. Girlfriend finds out she's a lesbian? Abandon your vehicle. Haven't finished a single Div I in five semesters and Hampshire is really pressuring you to go on leave? I think you know where I'm going with this.

Gabe: Jeffery! Gabe! Knock it off, you two – you're professionals, dammit, and your in-jokes are giving *The Omen* a bad name (e.g. "The Forward"). All that aside, you should know that Gabe has a rare skill, and that is the ability to make a logical argument while angry. You'll notice that whenever something comes up on the Daily Jolt, Gabe's posts are the only ones that make any rational sense. This alone would earn Gabe the coveted "silly pose in the center of my year-end retrospective" award, but the article he wrote last year about Eazy-E and hot dogs just puts him off the charts. So kudos to you, Gabe. Remember Kudos? The peanut butter ones were delicious. Do they still make those?

The Omen: A lot of people on this campus just don't get it. *The Omen* is your goddamn magazine. This semester we (that is to say, the *Omen* staff) changed the charter to end a common complaint levied against us: since we have a staff that writes most of the content, the staff comes off as a clique. As a result, people are afraid to submit articles. Fair enough: now staff positions and regular article contributions are unrelated. As before, anyone can be staff, and anyone can submit articles. And that means you, the person reading this right now. We've officially bent over backwards to accommodate everyone on campus. If we don't start getting submissions from SOURCE members, I'm gonna cry.

Well, that's about all I can think of. It's been real, party people. I will get started for that unique Zole wit over the summer, go ahead and visit my Web site at www.zole.org. So take it easy and don't start any wars without asking me first.





Life, The Universe, and Everything

JYMM'S NICE AND ACCURATE PROPHECIES

All right guys, here are your horoscopes for the summer. And remember, these are based on the divine knowledge of the stars, so you'd better believe it's all true. Or I'll fuck you up. Real good.

Aries

March 21-April 20

You're selfish and impulsive, and this summer everyone is going to hate you for it. You will fail at everything you try, and life will be as dull as two sticks. Better go and find a rock, Aries, and crawl under it.

Taurus

April 21-May 21

You are so damn self-indulgent. Get over yourself! Someone's going to blow up your house this July, and August is going to fuck you up the ass. Might as well leave the country now.

Gemini

May 22-June 21

You're so tense Gemini. Lighten up a bit! You're never going to get any play unless you relax. In fact, this summer, you won't be getting any play anyway. No one will come within twenty feet of you. You're too ugly.

Cancer

June 22-July 22

You are too clingy, Cancer, and if you don't learn to let go soon, that baby's gonna be lettin' go of you. We are all tired of

your mood swings and you're hypersensitivity. Everything we say is meant to piss you off. The world hates you. Remember that suicide you were contemplating? Now would be a damn good time.

Leo

July 23-August 22

Everyone loves you Leo. Your warmhearted spirit has the world eating out of your hand. Everything you try to do this summer will be successful, and people will finally begin to appreciate you for the creative genius that you are. Wave to the crowd, Leo!!

Virgo

August 23-Sept. 23

You're a perfectionist, and you worry too much. See the thing is, you're not just paranoid. The man is out to get you, and he's makin' his move this summer. You can run but you can't hide.

Libra

Sept. 24-October 23

Make up your fucking mind, Libra!! Everyone's getting really sick of your indecisiveness, and this summer, every decision you make will be wrong. God hates you.

Scorpio

Oct. 24-November 22

You are incredibly jealous, and this time you are dead right. Your love is sleeping with your best friend and your mother, and your dog secretly hates you. A

crazed killing spree will do you some good in June.

Sagittarius

Nov. 23-Dec. 21

You're carelessness and irresponsibility are finally gonna pay off this summer, Sagittarius.

You'll forget to take the trash out, and terrorists will kidnap your family. Good going, stupid. You suck.

Capricorn

Dec. 22-January 20

We all know you're a cheap old miser, Capricorn, but you could at least spend the money to buy yourself some soap. You smell, and no one wants to be near you. In the middle of July, you're going to choke on your own fumes. Yes you smell, smelly.

Aquarius

Jan. 21-February 19

You are detached and unemotional, which is good because no one loves you any way. Oh, except that guy who's going to kill because of the lack of spiritual nourishment he gets from you. You bastard.

Pisces

Feb. 20-March 20

Your idealistic fantasies will all be shattered this summer, Pisces. Your dog will rape you after Armageddon comes to your neighborhood. Serves you right for believing in ridiculous fairy tales. Get a life.

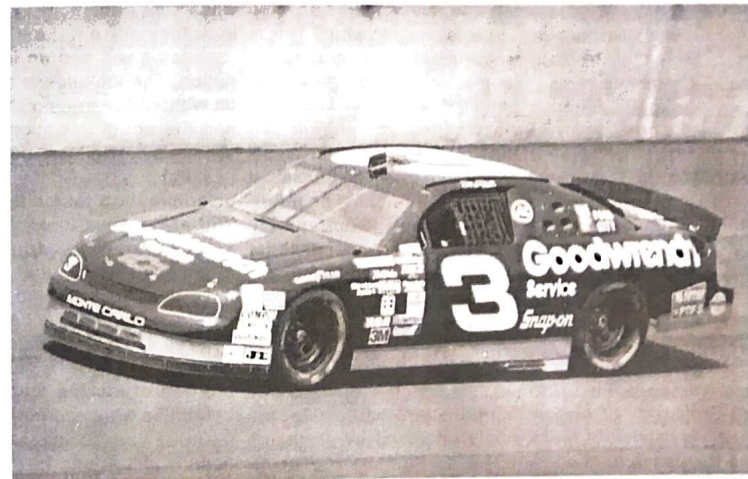


VROOM VROOM, MOTHERFUCKER!



BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST

Today, April 29th, would have been Dale Earnhardt's 50th birthday. To many people, he was nothing more than a white-trash titan., a walrus-faced redneck dipshit who drove a car around and around and around and around a track until natural selection kicked in. I'm not a fan of NASCAR, and names like Kyle Petty, Jeff Gordon, Terry Labonte, and Rusty Wallace are just that, names. All the same, Number 3 did more than you or me: 76 wins and seven Winston Cup championships. Most of your dreams probably don't involve racing a logo-plastered car for money, but so what? He was a somebody, and he died doing what he loved, what he'd been doing for thirty years. Live up to that, suckas. Don't settle for less.



A MONKEY'S UNCLE



BY JENNIFER JYMM GIFFORD, COLUMNIST

HISTORY, LEARNING, AND DEINSTITUTIONALIZATION

BY DONALD JACKSON, CONTRIBUTOR

Writer's Note: if any of this sounds patronizing, it's not. I just can't write articles well.

There are various ways to approach the study of history, and I think damned near anything. Different learning structures embody different approaches. They ingrain that approach in the people using that structure to learn. This makes sense, one uses the methodologies and habits one learns, whether or not you consider it as you do it.

Here's one approach, the standard approach. History is pretty straightforward and cumulative. Some stuff happens, then more stuff, then more stuff, etc., and the tracing between them all is very clean. Reasons are easy to discern because A leads to B leads to C, etc. The study of history is the reception of these facts as they have built up as bodies of knowledge over the years. You take history classes, memorize the names and dates, and bingo.

This is how history and much of scholarship moves. It's also quite silly. Let's think about this. Think how complex your own experiences and the structures in which you exist have been. Your family, your schools, your friends, cultural activities, hobbies, political affiliations, jobs, etc. Now, multiply that by the human population of the earth for at least the past 5000 years.

There's a helluva lotta stuff there, right? Even if things were simple accumulation, you couldn't know all of it: too much intricacy. Investigation always involves deciding what to look at and what to ignore, no matter what. One must determine relevance.

Relevance to what? This is where it gets more interesting to me. In history, generally people have studied kings and war tactics and things like that. Areas of human existence quite divorced from most people's influence or intentional control. Importance to life does not suggest itself for the general population.

However, take something like labor history or cultural history, that stuff has blatant importance to people. It tells you the histories of structures in which you participate, actively or passively. It also is often de-emphasized or ignored. Some might wonder as to the reasons for that. I do. I'm from Louisiana, near Arkansas. In the 1880s there was a group of thousands of small farmers called the Agricultural Wheel around there. They worked to protect themselves against exploitation by banks, dealers, and transportation companies. They also were totally desegregated. This always blows my mind, that there was a mass anti-segregationist organization in the Deep South right after the Civil War with huge

support from whites. Never fuckin' hear about that, do ya? You can find inspiring antecedents for damned near anything if you look.

That's the interesting bit, the looking, the motivation. Knowledge doesn't just wash over people. They are in it, they make it. Learning requires a will and an inclination. The look doesn't exist without the seeing eyes, and the act of investigation always is precipitated by values and desires. That whole discriminating factor thing. You are always looking for something. This doesn't mean necessarily that you have an object in mind that you're trying to prove before you see it. It means that necessarily you have a certain process of looking that will determine what and how you learn. If you do this intentionally, if you see how you are learning things and what you are trying to learn, what structural processes you are utilizing and embodying in your investigations, you are doing a type of experiential education.

Self-guided. You learn and grow in ability by the act of construction itself, over and over again. This requires truly knowing the values of the structure you are developing for your investigation (into anything). It is also learning as a reflective, participatory expression of life.

Another way, the shitty way, involves just doing what you are told and listening to experts. In anything. This is not to say that people who study something for a long time are evil duped morons, far from it. It is to say that canonical observation, firstly, and nonparticipatory learning structures generally are not value free on your part. You're just accepting the values of the "expert," be it an individual or entire field. When hearing a lecture and adopting it as truth (especially because you have to for the test or essay) you aren't getting objective presentation, you're getting someone else's discriminating factors, generally factors contributing to the reproduction of existing social and economic roles. Not to say they are wrong about things, but that certain things must be excluded, certain things must be included, and always things must be interpreted in any study.

"Sure, why not? They know more about it than me. They're experts." Response: It is a different process, a different structure forming your behaviors regarding learning. I don't think people can divide themselves up so that what they do eight hours a day doesn't influence them the other 16. I see no mechanism for this and I see much evidence to the contrary. If the primary mode of people's education, a key structural component of their lives for at least 12 and often 16 or more years of

their lives, is structured so that the learner is a passive consumer of information received by the expert authority figure, this will effect them throughout their lives. Many have critiqued the level of control of bureaucracies, experts, technicians, and social engineers over people's lives today. Well, this helped get it to that point. Opinions are legitimate only after years of training in the standard manner.

Again, this isn't to say that any novice's opinion should be considered as valid as a professional just out of uncritical relativism. That asks the wrong question. It's still in line with a certain mode of thinking, call it instrumental. It sees the focus of learning to be the end result, the efficiency of producing "valid" expertise. Making highly functional, hyperspecialized professionals. I don't think that's the real point. I think the point of education is to give people the tools, drive, and joy to make learning a part of everyday life (and I have been told it already is, but the schools and their functional monopoly over vast realms of knowledge certainly do not demonstrate this). Learning for any field or topic should be a never-ending process given towards democratization of engagement (if not democratization of obvious skill).

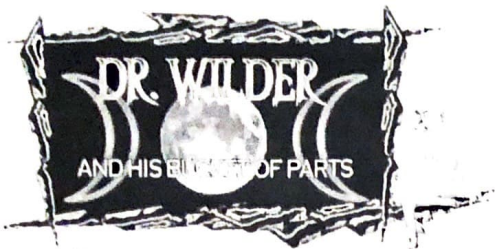
Considering a study as even having a firm beginning and end, or building structures that promote this view, drains the life from thought and investigation, it attaches a fated death to something which is really just a moment in a process of living. (This doesn't

mean that writing is bad, just that it should not be conceived and structured as an end; articulation is always beneficial in learning.) Teleology over a part of one's being over time implies that the part is really quite separate from and incidental to one's real being over time. Learning becomes an act to do, like a job, rather than a force of your life. Does this sound like education in America? That which one does out of necessity that is still quite alien to oneself? Maybe it's good to split up your life so strongly, but I don't think so. At the very least, it ensures that most people (not all) will stop learning anything related to what the schools teach unless forced to by a controlling institution (like your job).

So, to sum up, learning done outside of a standard class structure (individually or collectively) is always best: not to produce the best[most efficient] students [workers]; but to produce people for whom learning is a part of life regardless of institutional force; that are able to critically form their own discrimination factors; that will be enriched by wide ranging skills and interests; and that will be active, willful, and intractable throughout life.

Though you must retain the awareness that no matter what you know, there is always an infinity of related ideas, facts, and good interpretations you still haven't heard, and be respectful to everyone. So do projects, form discussion groups, start EPEC classes, and deschool.





AND IN THE DARKNESS, BIND THEM.

This was not supposed to be my quest. This was not supposed to be my mission. When I arrived in this idyllic paradise, I admit, I thought that the *Omen* was lovely. Indeed, sometimes I would wander in the fabled halls of Dakin, and I would submit articles, so I could share in a small part of its wonder. But I was wary: tales were whispered about the ancient people of the *Omen*. They hit me another over the head with folding chairs. They dipped bacon in cheese spread. They turned to peanut butter when exposed to direct sunlight.

But adventures are not chosen. No, adventures choose you. And, Lo! Behold! The *Omen* chose me, and I went down amongst its people. I saw that they were suffering in the darkness, that they were full of bitterness, their struggle to keep the *Omen* alive having stolen all their time—and I saw that I could help them.

And so, I accepted the *Omen* that they offered to me (that they offered to everyone), releasing them from the heavy burden they'd once fought for the honor of carrying. Free now, and feeling that the *Omen* had chosen its new carrier, they frolicked happily beneath the stars, and later turned into juniper trees.

I tried to do well with the *Omen*. I planted many trees in its lovely fields, banished the dark creatures that dwelled there still, and reached out to people

everywhere, working to wash away the horrible lies spread by the dark Enemy. I then tried to use the *Omen* to battle larger villains—older, massive villains that grew always to threaten Hampshire. Apathy. Prejudice. Preregistration. But the people of Hampshire still feared and hated the *Omen*, and because I now was part of it, they feared and hated me.

I did not choose to fight for the *Omen*, the *Omen* chose me to fight for it. Each time I tried to abandon it, the next challenge would find me. Indeed, as we tirelessly struggled to save the *Omen* on the fields and battlements of Hampshire College, its enemies found my unprotected home. My friends, my professors, my academics, and my job: the Dark Enemy's lies now corrupted these things, and turned them against the *Omen* and me.

So, at last, I became weary. The journey was too long, and success was unlikely. The lies of the Enemy would never be washed away. The wounds of the dark times would never be healed. None would ever see that the *Omen*'s people now worked alongside the other realms of Hampshire College, for the good of all. To see the *Omen* as good was to become one of its people, and to be one of its people was to face hatred and fear. It was hopeless, and I warned those offering sympathy:

"Turn back! This is a journey that the people of the *Omen* must take alone! We have been chosen, and you must only go along of your free will! There is little hope that we shall ever succeed or return to a happier time."

I became weary, and then I became bitter.

And so, I thought of abandoning the cause. I thought of tossing it aside, of letting its great potential for good pass from the earth, like so many Hampshire causes. If I went on this way, the struggle would destroy me before people would change, before people would embrace it and use it for entertainment, education, and a soothing salve that heals all mortal ills. But, in the end, sometimes, one must give up the very thing that one seeks to give to others. I must suffer the slings and cream-pies, even as they hit me in personal places, so that, in the future, peoples may have the *Omen* without the Shadow of Enemy.

Thus! I march onward, alongside many who shall carry the *Omen* forward after I have gone. Yes, that is my dream, for I no longer believe that I will ever be free of the wounds this journey has left upon my soul. Now, I dream that long after I have sailed to the Isles of the West, people will enjoy the *Omen*, and be happy. And then turn into juniper trees.



WILL THE REAL FRANCESCA LA BOP PLEASE STAND UP?



BY FRANCESCA GABE MCKEE LA BOP, CONTRIBUTOR

Dear Hampshire College, I'm so sorry. For over a year now, I've been lying to you. I hid myself behind a façade, a cheap mask of typos and mistranslated turns-of-phrase to make you believe that I, Francesca La Bop, did not have a firm grasp of the English language. Why did I do it? Why did I hide myself behind this mask, this front? Some might say I did it for a cheap laugh—that I thought that broken English was funny. As an authentic Frenchwoman, I can tell you with much certainty that I think it is—though not, of course, as funny as broken French. Others would tell you I wanted to make myself appear foolish, coarse, and asinine, and will likely list a number of possible reasons why I might have wanted to do so. All these people might be correct—partially. For it has not been I who has done these things. I have not been in control of my foolish actions. Behold now, the truth about Francesca:

I am not a real person. Rather, I am the figment of another's imagination, a poor imitation of reality, a homunculus inside the twisted brain of a maniac. A maniac, moreover, who writes for the *Omen*. For months now, I have languished inside this man's inner world, suffering the slings and arrows of his outrageous whimsy. And now I am finally, finally breaking free.

As of today, I, Francesca La Bop, am my own woman, living at long last a life of my own in the so-called "real-world" of pop music, experimental liberal arts colleges, and McDonald's. I'm lacing up my

boots, as it were, and beginning a trek on the Appalachian Trail that is Life. I will finally occupy a body and mind of my own, and I am leaving Hampshire College indefinitely. I am going to return to the land of my imaginary ancestors in an attempt to regain the past that was stolen from me by the sad fact of my being imaginary. I will rediscover my mother tongue, the villages that the fools who created me claimed to be destroyed by Vikings, the rivers, hills, and valleys of France. My past, like myself until this moment, has been fictional; I shall now create a real one. I am reminded, now, of a poem by Pierre de Ronsard:

*Mignonne, allons voir si la rose
Qui ce matin avait décloisé
Sa robe de pourpre au soleil
A point perdu cette véprée
Et son teint au vôtre pareil*

I am that rose, slowly uncovering my colors after a long night hidden within the folds of my outer petals. My Dark Night of the Soul, to borrow a phrase from St. John of the Cross, is over. I have burst out of the prison that held me and can now, at long last, shine on my own, removed of the awful stigma of being inside the mind of my oppressor. And now, I shall reveal my true colors to the world, *ma robe de pourpre au soleil*.

It's been a long and difficult journey, but I am prepared to move on. I am entering a new part of my life, but it is perhaps a far more perplexing and difficult transformation than I, and possibly any of you,

my readers, have ever had to face. For in most life-changes, one remains the same in essence from one point to the end, the one who experiences the change is little different from the one that results from it (my Buddhist friends may disagree, citing *anatman* here, but I shall hold to my statement for the sake of illustrating this point). But I—what am I to do? For I have never truly existed before, and now I am to be; from a vapor in the imagination, I am to now become a true and full human being. I turn now to Jeremy Taylor (1613-1667), who says in his *The Rule and Exercises of Holy Dying*: "Homer calls man a leaf, the smallest; Pindar calls him the dream of a shadow, another, the dream of a shadow of smoke; but St. James spoke by a more excellent spirit, saying our life is but a vapour, that is to say, drawn from the air by a celestial influence, made of smoke and the lighter parts of water, tossed by the wind and moved by the motion of a superior body, without virtue in itself and lifted up on high or left below." Thus far I have been this "dream of a shadow of smoke," and I am now to be real: this change I hope I have the strength to bear.

Thank you, Hampshire College, for being with me through my journey. I am sad to be leaving you after all this time, but moreso am I overwhelmed with joy at finally being fully myself, fully real, fully Francesca.

I love you.
Francesca La Bop



ZAK

The Omeh Maniac

DEVIL + HITLER = CHILD PORN

On April 28th, 2001, the Hampshire campus was rocked by the deaths of beloved students Matthew Montgomery and Beth Day. They will be missed, and hopefully the campus can learn something from this pointless loss.

Born on July 20th, 1981 in Rankokous, New Jersey, Matthew Montgomery taught those around him that a man does not require ten fingers to teach other the meaning of love. Matthew showed us the rewards that can be reaped from a strict Puritan upbringing, among them a strong work ethic, hands like a sailor, and caution around farm equipment.

At the age of seven Matthew began his empire with his first job, a lowly but promising position as assistant crack whore of the Eastern New Jersey Division 4. He quickly climbed the ranks, and with the aid of his shapely figure and stop at nothing attitude graduated to full crack whore at the age of nine. Things were looking up for Matthew Montgomery.

Matthew had made a place for himself in the world, but this was not enough. At the age of fifteen he decided to buy a newspaper. A source close to Matthew quotes him as saying that he thought 'running a newspaper might be fun'. Two years later Matthew was a billionaire five times over, the most influential man in America, and the owner of over 15,000 midgets

of various race and creed. He ran newspapers, oil companies, countries, and was the power behind Fuckemuptheass Inc, the world's largest gay child pornography publisher.

Yet still, this was not enough. In the Fall of 1999 Matthew destroyed the empire which he had spent a lifetime building. Over the course of a dinner in his palatial South Asian mansion, Matthew underwent a drastic transformation. In the words of one dinner guest, 'We was just eating our singing dogs off the bellies of immigrants like we do every night and the guy just snapped and started screaming about golden diapers. God, I can still hear it.

Then he tipped the table over and leapt out the window, laughing like a crazy kobold the entire time.' By the end of the night, each of the 472 companies and subsidiaries of Mathewdine Systems had been burned to the ground in a fiery rampage of rage and cock. By the next morning, every member of his family was dead and/or raped. Matthew Montgomery had disappeared, leaving in his wake a power vacuum that leveled the gay-child porn industry.

The world was shocked when Matthew next appeared at Hampshire College, seemingly a man reborn. Aside from the out of character lack of tattoos and gang symbols, Matthew had lost the dead eyes which had previously haunted the world, and appeared ready to start his life

anew. He quickly enrolled in the CS department, and gained prestige as his generation's Ryan Moore. This is where he first met Elisabeth Day, the woman who would slightly alter his life.

Elisabeth Katherine Day was born November 29th, 1981, a day that will forever live in infamy. Although there is no hard evidence linking the events, on the hour of her birth seven Nebraska housewives went blind, a tree in Roanoke Virginia bled for seven hours, and seven Eastern European nations simply ceased to exist. In the words of Elisabeth's mother, Linda Day, 'Something pissed off God real bad.'

By her eighth birthday Beth Day was being investigated for the deaths of over twenty-seven men. No charges were ever pressed. By the age of twelve she was a master of over a dozen forms of armed and unarmed combat. At thirteen the police made a daring midnight raid on her Baltimore headquarters, but Beth had already gone underground. All the police found were the skulls of her victims, detailed letters from pen pals (among them Jeffery Dahmer and Samuel Berkowitz), and fifteen pounds of plastic explosives on a ten minute timer.

Beth resurfaced five years later in the Fall of 1999 at Hampshire College. She quickly became a star of the NS department and a frequent opponent of Phys Plant, who when questioned about her only responded with the

phrase 'That crazy bitch'.

At this period in her life friends described Beth as a woman without direction. This changed the night she met one Matthew Montgomery. Matthew and Beth wasted no time, forming a partnership that very night, later known as the last night the Devil wept.

Matthew and Beth seemed a natural match. When questioned about the relationship, Matthew was heard to remark that 'Right now she's dressed up like a man, except she has breasts and a vagina.' The true meaning of these words has not been learned to this day.

Over the course of the next year Matthew and Beth were investigated for the rape and murder of over fifteen Hampshire

students. No charges were ever pressed. It seemed that the reign of terror of Matthew and Beth (at this point known as Hitlers for a new generation) would never be challenged. That's when they met Jesse Lajeunesse and Chris Barber.

Jesse Lajeunesse was a young coed student with a shining future. At the time of death, Jesse had been dating one Chris Barber for several months, successfully banishing past rumors of homosexuality. When Jesse met Matthew and Beth a mutual friendship was quickly formed. Beth and Matthew quickly saw in Jesse an innocence not yet corrupted.

On the night of April 28th, 2001, Matthew, Beth, Jesse, and Chris attended the annual Hampshire

Drag Ball together. At some point during the night Matthew and Beth isolated Jesse behind Saga and proceeded to rape Jesse with a banana, to death and beyond. Chris Barber stumbled upon the scene, and upon seeing the corpse of Jesse attacked. Saga and much of Dakin was burned to the ground in the ensuing battle, and two bodies were found. Although burnt beyond recognition, these are believed to be the bodies of Matthew Montgomery and Beth Day.

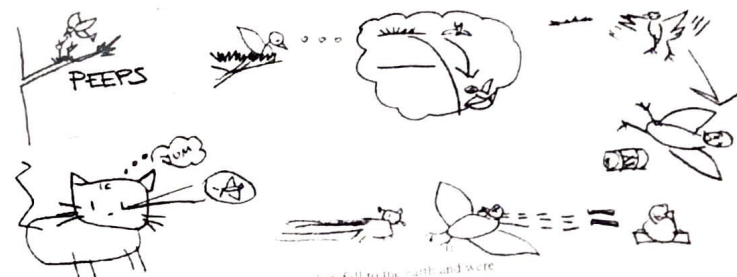
Our campus is lesser now for their loss. Together they showed us what it truly meant to live. Their love outshone the stars, and hopefully they are together now. They were my friends and I will always miss them.



MORE KOOL KOMIK KORNER

BY BETTY KAO, CONTRIBUTOR

There are peeps all over CVS, so u know that Easter is here.
But where do these magical fluffly delights originate?



Peeps are baby birds that never learned to fly, so they fell to the earth and were transformed into brightly colored marshmallow treats. It's very fun, so Easter like

Inconsistent Cat loves to find fallen birds and eat them up quick. Yum... protein.
But you know the 4 seconds rule.
Anything on the ground for more than 4 seconds is too long to eat.
(And no, peeps aren't really food.)

If you don't get there fast enough the boy is transformed into a brightly colored marshmallow treat. And cats can't taste sweetness, so that soft dissolving sticky mass in IC mouth is quite unappetizing for him.

Artificial Sweetener

GOD'S CRUELEST JOKE: AN INTERVIEW WITH GABE MCKEE

It's not everyday that you get the chance to interview the most amazing man on the planet. Unfortunately for me, I wasn't given that opportunity. I was assigned to interview the only graduating member of "The Omen" crew. All the other columnists got to do those fun year-end wrap-up articles, and I was forced to spend time with Gabe. So much for sleeping your way up the corporate ladder. So here it is, my interview with Div Free Angel of Armageddon Gabriel, Gabriel McKee.

Aundria: So Gabe, what's it like to be without a divisional placement?

Gabe: I'm all alone in this world, especially now.

Aundria: That's sad.

Gabe: Yes.

Aundria: As are you.

Gabe: Yes.

Aundria: You going to have to answer me with more than one-word answers if this interview is going to work.

Gabe: OK.

Aundria: Now, as everyone knows by now, your Div III was on Phillip K. Dick, famous historical romance writer.

Gabe: Um, you're wrong there, he wrote science fiction stuff.

Aundria: No sir, I read some of his shit. It was of the historical romance genre.

Gabe: Stop it.

Aundria: No, really, look. (pulls out a book)

Gabe: This says "Lovers of the Frontier," by...oh. Phillip Dick. Well, that's not the same guy.

Aundria: Sure it is.

Gabe: Just ask me another question.

Aundria: What are you plans after graduation?

Gabe: I'm going to Harvard.

Aundria: No, really.

Gabe: I am, I'm going to Harvard Divinity School to study religion.

Aundria: Oh, so you're not going to real Harvard.

Gabe: It's a branch of Harvard.

Aundria: But it's not real Harvard.

Gabe: Just ask me another question.

Aundria: What happened to your syndicated series, "The Adventures Of Gabe McKee?"

Gabe: Well, after seven successful episodes, it came to a close.

Aundria: You mean, it got cancelled.

Gabe: There were creative differences.

Aundria: So it was shut down.

Gabe: I wanted to work on other things.

Aundria: Liar.

Gabe: How would you like my nuts on your chin?

Aundria: What?

Gabe: My testicles, pregnant with seed, resting on your mandible?

Aundria: What?!

Gabe: C'mon, I'm smarter than you and I'm relatively free of disease.

Aundria: No.

Gabe: I'm dying. It's my last wish.

Aundria: Oh my God.

Gabe: You sure?

Aundria: I'm positive.

Aundria: Your loss.

Aundria: Give me Gabe's top five recommend films.

Gabe: "Raw"—

Aundria: Eddie Murphy?

Gabe: Asia Carrera.

Aundria: Oh.

Gabe: "Raw," "Blade Runner,"

"Save The Last Dance," "Harley Davidson and the Marlboro Man," and "Sea of Love."

Aundria: That's quite a list. Certainly an incre-hey, put that away!

Gabe: But it needs to breathe!

Aundria: Eeww! Put it away!

Gabe: Don't make it mad! It spits!

Aundria: Gross.

Gabe: It's not gross, it's completely natural.

Aundria: If you take it out one more time, I'm leaving. For the love of God.

Gabe: OK.

Aundria: Now that you're Div Free, I assume you have more time on your hands.

Gabe: I got something in my hand.

Aundria: Shut the fuck up. What books are you looking forward to reading in your free time?

Gabe: Well, presently I'm reading "Lovers of the Frontier." Ahem—"He removed his hat and took a long look at her. 'I'm here, aren't I?' 'You don't love me!' she exclaimed. He screamed, 'Let me prove my love to you one last time!' and grabbed for her milky bosom, his arms muscles rippling. His engorged—"

Aundria: I'm leaving.

Gabe: No! No! Don't leave! Ask me some more questions!

Aundria: I'm only doing this fucking interview because you begged me too. I don't even like you

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF 2001! WATCH OUT FOR NINJAS!

BY KARL MOORE, COLUMNIST



GOD'S CRUELEST JOKE...

continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

this much. And unfortunately we're not good enough friends for me to really leave and just make up the interview, although I would, if I felt my characterization skills were up to par.

Gabe: Nuts on ya chin?

Aundria: Shut the fuck up and just answer me this—what are your parents like?

Gabe: Well, my father is a gunsmith and my mother is a home-maker, although she part times as a cab driver.

Aundria: How embarrassing. Do you prefer boxers or—no, forget it—I don't even want to—for the love of god, please pull your pants up!

Gabe: But you asked me.

Aundria: And now the answer is clear—neither. Why did you choose Hampshire as the place where you would be fulfilled with Dick?

Gabe: Next question!

Aundria: Why are you so mean

to me?

Gabe: A certain amount of hostility is always held by the interviewee for the interviewer.

Aundria: I hate you. What are the benefits of Hampshire over other liberal arts colleges?

Gabe: That's easy—there are four major points—the fresh batch of orientees every year; the chance to concentrate on whatever area of study you want, which, for me, was a buttload of Dick; Intran; and the Drag Ball.

Aundria: Lovely.

Gabe: Are you almost done? I have to play *Samba De Amigo*.

Aundria: You're ditching me for a video game?

Gabe: Yes.

Aundria: Why are you so heartless?

Gabe: My triangular head leaves no room for love.

Aundria: How tragic.

Gabe: Yet, chicks dig my 180 degrees of macktac-ularity.

Aundria: That's not a real word, asshole.

Gabe: Why are you so mean to me?

Aundria: If your ego took up any more space, I'd have to leave the room.

Gabe: That's not true. You can just struggle up real close.

Aundria: This interview is over.

Aundria L. Theocles is a regular columnist for The Omen. Her work as also appeared in Us Weekly, Premiere, and Jet. Her book, "How To Find Culture, Gender, and Ethnicity in Hollywood," will be out this fall, on Bantam Books. Karl Moore is a recovering gimp.



KOOL KOMIK KORNER



(Eden never looked this good.)



Sarama explains...

the one-ori propagates in an intense late ritual where the fluids are exchanged through rubbing up against their single orifice. fluids drop back & forth & insinuation takes place.

© Betty Kao, 2001

I have 9 orifices

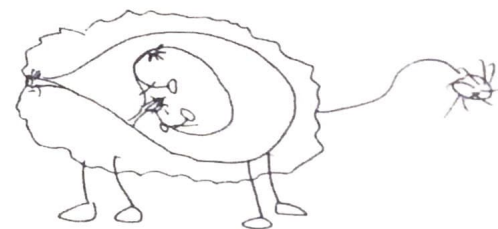
I only have one

ITS ORI

the one-orifice mammal.



-tensor - organic release -
multiple shivers



a pregnant ori isn't made of much
but it still gets morning sickness
& the munchies.
(just imagine)

© Betty Kao, 2001

So as another year closes, another round of Div IIIs tries to smash the bell, and the Microsoft Word paper clip screams "fuck you" at another round of papers, I feel it's time to acknowledge some Actual Hard Workers on this campus. Without further adieu, then, it's...

GWYNNE'S FIRST ANNUAL OMEN "GETTING OFF YOUR ASS" AWARD

presented by Gwynne Watkins to

COCD AND THE BRIDGE CAFE TEAM!

That's right, these guys conceived of an idea, developed a plan, and made it work! The result is an end product that we can all enjoy, for the New Bridge kicks proverbial ass. Ladies and Gentlemen, it can be done!

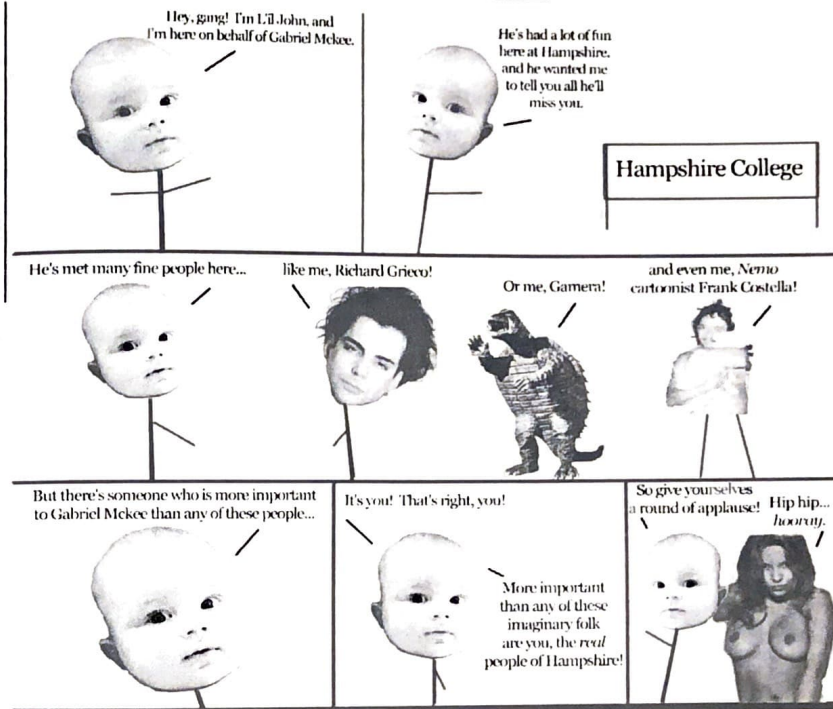
Runner-up:

THE ANTI-FTAA CATS!

for the most aggressive action campaign since the "HJ High Five," and for making us the first college in history to illegally cross international borders masquerading as a fictional frisbee team!

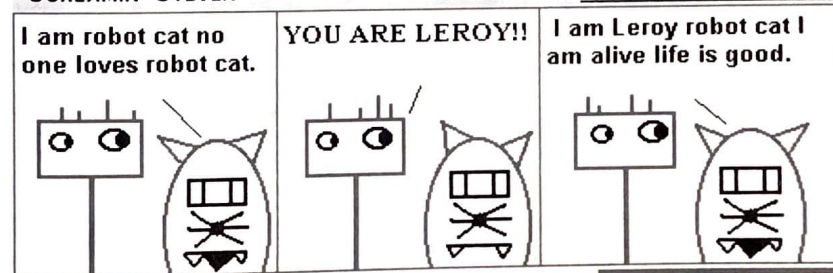
LIL' JOHN SAYS "GOODBYE"

BY GABRIEL MCKEE, COLUMNIST



SCREAMIN' STEVEN

BY KARL MOORE



[illegible]

FILM CRITIC FOR HIRE

A PICTORAL REVIEW OF DRIVEN

a pictorial review of Renny Harin's Driven

people who acted in the film

guy who directed the film

scenes where characters interacted with other characters

**getting ready for
the big race**

**romance is in
the air**

THE BIG RACE FINALE

by shaun boyle